The Scoop

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13427319.

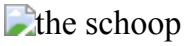
Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	James Bond (Craig Movies), Basic Instinct (Movies), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Le Chiffre/Adam Towers
Characters:	Le Chiffre, Adam Towers, James Bond, Q (James Bond)
Additional Tags:	Meet-Cute, (kinda), pre canon Adam, AU Le Chiffre, Misunderstandings, Flirting, Gambling, Investigative Journalism, Mild Sexual Content, Happy Ending, Hannibal Extended Universe
Language:	English
Series:	Part 37 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2018-01-20 Words: 5,959 Chapters: 1/1

The Scoop

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Adam Towers is looking for a scoop, and the last place he thinks he'll find one is at the Poker World Championships he's been assigned to cover by the crappy gaming mag he works for. But his chance to step into a tabloid career comes when he becomes convinced that the two semi-finalists - James Bond and the enigmatic "Le Chiffre" - are actually lovers. He is wrong.



Adam sat at the hotel bar just off from the grand foyer of the Montenegró hotel, swirling the colourful swizzle stick around his ridiculously expensive cocktail as he watched the crowd.

The tournament didn't start for another day, but he had arrived a day early to get himself situated. Or at least he told himself that. Really there was something at the back of his mind that told him this assignment had to be the one to change things. He had nothing to base it on other than his desire for things *to* change.

Of all the assignments his shitty magazine had sent him on so far, this seemed the closest he was going to get to a chance at a scoop. He wasn't sure what it was going to be, but he could feel it in his bones. And the way to ensure he didn't miss it was to be there from the get go - get a feel for the place and people. And so far… it was boring as fuck.

Most of the players were old men, with wives so young that their mothers were possibly still in the womb when these guys were born. And they were all completely fucking rich, of course. Nothing interesting was happening. He didn't particularly have any interest in the focus of the magazine, much less poker. Or any slow moving card game. He hadn't even bothered to do any background on this one - it had been boring enough researching for his last assignment

Adam couldn't even get the magazine to pay for this extra day as it wasn't deemed necessary for business. He'd had to pay for it himself and take it as a day's vacation. If he didn't get a story he could sell to a one of the tabloids he'd been trying to break into, then he was going to have a tough few months ahead. Not to mention zero progress in his career. Either way, he needed to make or break it soon, otherwise he might as well kiss goodbye to all thoughts of a decent career.

Another cocktail later and cameras started to snap in the foyer at the entrance to the bar. He managed to see through the crowd that the two top players had arrived… together? It wasn't clear, but there they were. The world's top poker players and the men this tournament was realistically going to come down to - James Bond from Britain and Jean Duran from Albania, otherwise know as *Le Chiffre*.

Adam watched as the men talked jovially on their way through to the bar, leaving the photographers behind. They were easy with each other, must have spent a lot of time at tournaments together. And then as they reached the bar and the crowd parted to let them order, Duran placed his hand at the base of Bond's back to guide him in front and to the space at the bar.

There was something in that gesture and the look on Duran's face, an intimacy to it that was more than friendly rivals.

And that was when Adam was sure he'd found his scoop. How much would the tabloids pay for even a snippet on the titillating news that the top two poker players at the World Championship were in fact lovers?

*

Adam spent the whole evening tailing the pair discreetly. They were at the bar for much of it before having dinner in the hotel's obnoxiously expensive restaurant. He was able to get a table near enough to them - not close enough to hear what they were saying, but close enough to observe their body language and eye contact. Either way the dinner was costing him pretty much the last penny he had in his bank account, so he was invested. Literally.

Adam watched every movement, every glance, every smile. And hell if there wasn't something there. The way they smiled in a sort of knowing way - a level of flirtation and affection, Adam was sure - that was way beyond friends. These guys were so definitely fucking and he wasn't sure why - looking around the room - no one else seemed to be intrigued by it. Maybe they were all used to this? Was it some kind of industry secret amongst them?

Maybe a weird code of silence amongst them. Or… maybe the money bags poker players were paying people off? No, that couldn't be it, but what a story that would be!

Adam watched as they had another drink in the bar, and then followed them discreetly - parking himself on one of the plush sofas in the foyer and plucking up a newspaper. He watched them go their separate ways from the foyer… and then waited there for another few hours. Under the guise of sitting there to catch up with the new from back home, he waited to see if either passed back through to get to the room of the other - which they would have to do. But nothing. After three hours sitting he was ready to fall into his bed.

But when Adam got back to his room he didn't sleep. His mind whirred around it. Was he too close to this and seeing things that weren't there? Because the more he thought about it the crazier it seemed that something was going on. That no one else had noticed it, and crazier still that they might be paying people to stay quiet. All the different options ran through his head until the began to doubt the seed that had started them - those looks and touches.

He finally drifted off not long before his alarm sounded and dragged himself with a groan to the shower.

As fresh and awake as he was going to get, he headed back down, beyond the bar, to the main casino and the rooms there that had been set aside for the tournament. He watched the hours preliminaries with disinterest - which to be fair, so did many others. There was a feeling in the air that everyone was there waiting to watch Bond and Le Chiffre play - all the other players were just a tiresome necessity. And Adam could understand it. He alternated between watching Bond and Le Chiffre win their respective hands as the made their way through the other contestants.

By the end of the day of playing, Adam was exhausted. Really he knew he needed to just go and get some sleep but they had been giving each other these knowing looks across the room all day, making inaudible comments to each other when the passed to change tables. Adam couldn't leave that be - he settled in the foyer again and waited.

He saw Bond and Le Chiffre come out of the hotel restaurant and readjusted the paper he was reading, keeping an eye on them as they stopped and talked at the bottom of the stairs. As

they said their goodnights Le Chiffre turned to walk away and caught sight of him.

Adam froze for a moment, unable to turn away. There was a flash of something in the man's eyes and then his mouth quirked into a slight grin that had Adam felt - in all honesty - both terrified and aroused. Just as Adam managed to drag his eyes away, Le Chiffre headed towards his room and out of the foyer.

Adam's heart was racing. Perhaps this was what the thrill of being a tabloid reporter would be like? Surely the man had no idea why he was sitting there, what he was trying to gain from his observations? What must he be thinking?

Adam pushed aside his curiosity - looking up to see Bond heading in the opposite direction. Both now out of sight he sagged back against the sofa and wondered if he should just call it a night. But how would he feel if he missed something after already have lost this much sleep over it?

He sat for another hour before his eyes started to droop. It was only chance that he roused suddenly to see Le Chiffre back in the foyer. He was checking his phone, no glance to Adam - as far as he was aware. And then a young man walked over to him and greeted him fondly.

They clearly knew each other and he greeted this new comer with the same sort of familiarity he had with Bond. So maybe Adam was mistaken about the whole thing? Maybe Le Chiffre was just that brand of charming?

The other man - younger, with dark fluffy hair - leaned in and said something that had them both laughing. Then they turned, Le Chiffre flashed him a smile that almost made him fall off of the overstuffed sofa. He barely had time to recover before the glance had passed and he realised that Le Chiffre was leading this young man towards his suite.
Adam did not like that one bit! It didn't make any sense to the story he was chasing - the one he had in his mind. Either way, it sort of upset the apple cart and had snapped Adam immediately awake. He needed to know what was going on, because the story seemed to be dissolving before him.

He got up and moved discretely after the pair, following at a safe enough distance to be able to get a rough idea of which room it was they disappeared into a few corridors later. When he got to the suspected door, he kept walking - to the end of the corridor and around the corner. He found a window there that he was able to stand and look out of, as though that was his business in being there. Adam thought quickly about his next move and quite how ridiculous he was possibly being. Maybe he could wait a while, see if they came back out but… Who was he kidding? The young guy was probably a rent boy or something.

That brought a weird burn in his chest. Maybe the food he'd had at the restaurant had been too rich for him in more ways than one?

He wasn't sure how long he was distracted, pondering that thought, but he was drawn back to the corridor when he heard footsteps. He took a quick glance around the corner and saw immediately that it was Bond. No jacket or tie now and his shirt unbuttoned at the collar. His hair looked a little messy, as though he was already relaxed and had been getting ready for bed.

Maybe he was? Le Chiffre's bed.

Were these guys gonna have a threeway with a male escort?

Fuck!

Adam felt his pulse jump and his palms started to sweat. This was it! This was the scoop!

He took out his phone - the camera on it was top of the range for a phone and hopefully enough to at least give a candid visual aid to the story he would write. He moved quietly back into the corridor and back past the door, looking for a good vantage point. A discreet place from which he could snap them and run when one or more of them exited - no doubt looking well and truly fucked.

He lowered himself next to a decorative plinth with a floral feature. Direct sight on the door, he settled back against the wall, readied his phone to camera mode, and waited...

When Adam woke up it was to his foot being kicked.
He blinked his eyes open, taking in the strange surroundings before realising why he was asleep in a hotel corridor. He scrambled to a seated position from where he was slumped and looked up at the person kicking him.

Le Chiffre.

The man looked fucking beautiful.

He seemed to always dress in black, and that only served to show the tanned line of his throat in contrast now that his tie was gone. He looked a little undone though again, more from reaching the end of the day rather than sex tousled.

The missing tie brought the situation right back to Adam and he started to get up, but not before Le Chiffre started -

"I suspect I know the reason you are following me, and I am sorry to disappoint - but I don't pay for sex, but I am flattered by your interest." His voice was smooth and distractingly accented. It took Adam a moment to realise what he was saying and then the man continued before Adam could protest - "I am surprised, because I didn't think this to be that sort of establishment. But… I can't say this is the first time I have had interest like this." He let out a low chuckle that vibrated through Adam. "At least you rent boys are honest about it. Not like some of the gold diggers that frequent these tournaments in the hopes of landing a rich husband."

As Le Chiffre spoke, Adam had managed to get to his feet, back pressed to the wall as if held there by the presence of the man.

"I… I'm not…" Adam had no idea how to even respond. Had he been caught trying to act as some sort of amateur paparazzi, he may have been able to talk his way out of it. But being mistaken for a hooker, and then…

His mind snapped a piece of information to the fore and he found words falling out of his mouth before he could stop them -

“If you don’t pay for sex, why are you having a three way with that call boy?” Adam accused, all too aware that he sounded disturbingly like a petulant child.
Le Chiffre’s eyes went wide at the allegation, and then his mouth quirked into that same terrifyingly hot smile before he let out a more heartfelt laugh.

“You are a very strange young man.” Was his only reply before he turned on his heel and walked off - away from his room.
When Adam finally regained his senses and went after him, he found Le Chiffre heading to the bar. Le Chiffre walked on in with a nod from the concierge that manned it in the later evenings. As Adam approached the same man stepped into the wide doorway.

“Can I help you sir? This bar is for guests only.”

Adam clenched his teeth. When he sold his fucking scoop and got his break into tabloids the first thing he was going to do was buy a whole bunch of nice clothes, maybe that beautiful green cashmere scarf he had seen in the window of Bloomsbury’s before he left London. But in this moment he merely grumbled and pulled the card key for his room from his pocket.

“My apologies sir.” The concierge said, with no hint of remorse. Instead he looked Adam up and down as though trying to ascertain if there was anything else that could turn him away. He was in smart shoes, trousers and shirt - all off the rack at some cheap chainstore, but not exactly the jeans and sneakers that might have got him removed. After a few moments hesitation, he moved to one side and let Adam in.

He could see immediately that Le Chiffre was sat at a small booth around a circular table in a quiet corner, a small smile on his face as he looked at his phone. Adam arrived at the table at the same time as a waitress to take the order that Le Chiffre looked up to give. He halted when he saw Adam.

Le Chiffre quirked a brow and looked back at the entrance, clearly checking to see if the concierge were still there.

“I didn’t sneak in.” Adam huffed. “I have a room here.” He flashed his key before pocketing it and sliding in across from him at the little round table.

“Can I get you gentlemen a drink?” The waitress asked pleasantly. They were both still looking at each other in a sort of assessment. Le Chiffre gave an order without looking up and Adam followed suit and she departed.

“My apologies. When followed by young men of your… type before, they were usually-”

“My type?” Adam cut him off, indignant.

Le Chiffre unleashed that cool grin and waved a hand to indicate Adam’s attire. “A little… underdressed for the event. A little out of place. Just something not quite right. And of

course, incredibly beautiful. Surely an easy assumption to make that you are sniffing after money one way or the other." There was a hiss of cruelty in his words.

Adam's jaw tightened even as he felt his cheeks heat. He tried to convince himself it was anger.

"I'm a journalist." Adam countered gruffly.

"Ah, a different sort of whore." Le Chiffre huffed a laugh that shook him a little.

Adam didn't find it quite as funny. "We can't all be blessed to have a skill at gambling. I can only imagine how taxing it is to stay in fancy hotels and play games to earn money. I can only assume your first wager came from some family money."

Le Chiffre's demeanour changed and it was as though the air around them chilled. "I made my own fortune and have compounded it. Don't make assumptions of me."

"Like you have of me?" Adam immediately bit back.

Adam shivered at the man's intense glare. He wasn't exactly endeared by Le Chiffre's assumptions of him either! As if coming to that same realisation, Le Chiffre eased back into the booth and let out a breath, a smile growing as he did.

"I suppose we can both be wrong in our assumptions." He held Adam's gaze for a few moments before adding. "I don't even know your name and yet you have stalked me, made some very interesting accusations, and now intrude on my quiet time and insult me. You are quite an intriguing young man."

"Adam."

"Adam." Le Chiffre repeated his name as though he were tasting the fit of it in his mouth.

At that moment the waitress appeared and laid down their drinks. Le Chiffre made a little hand gesture to her to indicate for him to put it on his room tab, and she smiled and walked off again.

"So, Adam, would it be impolite of me at this point for me to ask the reason for your behaviour? I assume there *is* some reason and you aren't just a little deranged."

Adam's jaw was so tight he felt like the muscle might snap.

"I… am covering the tournament for Card Strategy Magazine."

"And that requires you to stalk me and cast aspersions?" Le Chiffre grinned over the glass he raised to his lips. He took a long sip, not letting Adam's eyes go all the while.

Adam cleared his throat but didn't answer, unsure what to say or do. The truth would likely get him into more trouble than he cared for. Including the chance of losing his job if Le Chiffre decided to report his behaviour to his editor. But he wasn't wrong, he was sure of it. Right?

“You look so determined, Adam. What is it that you were seeking from me?” Le Chiffre’s words rumbled out and disarmed Adam even further. He wasn’t usually one to be easily swayed by flirtation - he was usually the one doing the flirting, and swaying. He felt more than a little uncomfortable to be on the other side of the sort of charm he often put into play himself.

Adam had a sudden pang of regret that they were meeting this way. Maybe he would have been better off as one of the gold diggers Le Chiffre had mentioned. The man was certainly tempting enough, especially with the money.

“I…”

“You have me intrigued, and as it seems I might not be able to get the information out of you - short of torture…” Le Chiffre drained his glass and started to stand. “It has been… interesting but time is precious.” He said.

As he held out his hand to shake Adam shook his head and found himself blurting something he had rehearsed in his head too many times - “Mr Duran is it true that you and your rival James Bond are in fact lovers?”

There was a beat of silence.

Adam felt sweat prickling over every inch of his body in the most uncomfortable way.

And then Le Chiffre let out a bark of laughter so loud that Adam jumped.

The man slowly sat bank into his seat and signalled the waitress for another drink. He looked incredibly amused as he rested his arms along the back of the chair and crossed one long leg over the other.

“An interesting, if remarkably incorrect, accusation. Please do enlighten me as to how you came to this… idea.”

Adam felt his skin heat all over with being put on the spot, squirming under Le Chiffre’s unwavering and darkly amused gaze. He suddenly doubted everything. He’d had hardly any sleep, latched onto a theory he had no evidence to prove. Was this actually all in his head after all?

“I… the way you... And then the...“ The arguments died on his tongue as Le Chiffre’s grin grew and one brow raised higher.

“You saw a flirtation between friends and felt it was something more and to be exploited.” Le Chiffre surmised. “I wonder why though. I can’t imagine the love lives of competitors factors in some sort of gossip column in your magazine? So you are looking for a story to sell.” He tsked in amusement.

It wasn’t a question and Adam reddened even further at being exposed, being so transparent to this man.

“Shall I tell you the truth Adam? I must inform you though that it isn’t nearly as interesting as you had hoped. And… it won’t sell a story for you.”

Adam didn’t respond, his mouth was dry and he felt more uncomfortable than he was sure he ever had. Probably in more ways than he should. Le Chiffre’s grin told him he could completely see Adam’s discomfort, and was enjoying it more than a little.

“Well, Adam. Less to say now?” Le Chiffre rumbled. “Had you done your research, perhaps you would have known that Mr Bond and I have been friends for a very long time. In fact, I was best man at his wedding. To the charming gentleman you believed to be our call boy.” He was sneering, but it was still hugely amused - something a little more dangerous. “Despite what my competitors might tell you, I am not a heartless man. This tournament is taking place over their anniversary, so I organised a little surprise visit for my friends.”

Adam blinked.

He wasn’t sure it made sense, but only because he was so caught up in his own version of events that it was all confused. He let his brain process it - a busy tournament, Le Chiffre helping a friend with an anniversary surprise. Old friends who enjoyed flirting with each other. Hell, he wasn't even sure Le Chiffre was gay! Though, if he had to guess from the signals he was sure he’d been receiving...

Le Chiffre’s grin softened. “Foolish young man. Though your… desperation, is a little endearing.”

Adam felt like a scolded child. A lump rose in his throat and he wasn’t sure the last time that had happened. Truthfully, he really wasn’t sure when he’d met someone that was more of an asshole than himself. It was an awakening moment.

“I guess you’ve figured me out.” Adam said, taking in a deep breath and then letting it out slowly before adding - “Are you going to inform my editor?”
Le Chiffre quirked a brow and licked his lips. “Where would the fun be in that? Adam, I’d much rather see what you can make of yourself without my interference. I am intrigued to see where you might be in five years time. What you might make of yourself.”

The waitress arrived with two more drinks and Le Chiffre sipped at his quietly, once more watching Adam over the rim.

They remained silent like that for a few minutes, during which time Adam’s blood cooled and his shame receded. It wasn’t something he could afford if he was set on a tabloid future. He even found himself feeling a little grateful for the lesson he was being taught here.

He let out a breath he didn’t realise he had been holding, and relaxed back into the sofa as Le Chiffre was doing.

“I’ve been reckless, stupid.” Adam muttered under his breath, scalding himself now.

“Perhaps that is one way to look at it.” Le Chiffre responded and then gave him a serious look. “You clearly have drive, you have commitment, you have just taken it in the wrong

direction. Perhaps with some time, better research. Focus on improving your weaknesses, don't just endlessly stride on convinced of your own ability."

Adam couldn't refute any of that. He'd been so obsessed with finding a scoop, he had seen one and then barrelled on without even looking into it. Le Chiffre was completely right.

When he looked at the man there was that smile again. A little knowing and patronising, but still flirtatious. It drew out something in Adam, as though it was an invitation to sass the man.

"Well." He puffed out a breath and then turned a grin to Le Chiffre. "You are a bit older than me, so I have to take that you're wiser too."

Le Chiffre narrowed his eyes even though his smile stayed in place. "An attitude too I see. Maybe you have more to work on than I thought."

Adam chuckled.

*

The remaining few days of the tournament were strangely entertaining.

Adam actually worked on the story he was supposed to be working on. Having finished their drinks, Le Chiffre returned to the room he was hoping his friends had vacated, Adam to his own with a lot of food for thought. The man wasn't wrong. And Adam formulated a plan of action - when he returned to London he was going to work out where to take this next - how to get where he wanted to be.

When the tournament was on, Adam was down there, making notes and interviewing those he could. It was going to be the best damn coverage he could possibly manage. He shared a few grins across the room with Le Chiffre. A little banter every time they chanced to be near each other. Just little jokingly disapproving barbs that made Adam smile… and increasingly made him wonder what it would be like to have a good spanking from the man. In the evenings, despite the massive temptation to seek out Le Chiffre and find out whether the chemistry he could feel was really there, he spent it writing up his notes.

He did let himself get distracted in the shower every morning, thinking about what it might be like to be bossed around in the bedroom by Le Chiffre. Or even better, ordering Le Chiffre around in turn.

On the final day of the tournament he watched Bond and Le Chiffre finally face off - as was inevitable. Bond won and the private rooms and bar became a large party. Adam watched from the sidelines as the celebrations began, feeling a bit of an outsider in this world where clearly so many of them knew each other.

He checked his watch, it was time to leave anyway. He was only paid up until this day and his flight back to London was in a few hours. He needed to grab his bags and get going.

Adam didn't notice Le Chiffre had followed him to the foyer until he grabbed his bags from the concierge and turned back, ready to walk out and get a cab to the airport.

“Not saying goodbye?” Le Chiffre drawled. He was grinning and Adam had to wonder if he was imaging the lust in his eyes. Wishful thinking?

“I have to get my flight. Deadlines.” Adam returned the smile and set his bag down by the door as the concierge had someone wheel his case out the front.

“If you spend the night with me, I will pay for a flight tomorrow for you.”

Adam was startled by Le Chiffre’s offer and the confirmation of the flirtation he had felt between them. But… if he was back late he would miss the deadline, probably get fired or at the least put on worse assignments.

“I can’t.” Adam had to force the words out even as he was imagining going up to Le Chiffre’s room with him. “I need my job.”

For a brief second he was pretty sure that Le Chiffre was on the verge of offering to compensate him in some way. Which wouldn’t just be hilarious but also… quite tempting.

“I see.” Le Chiffre finally replied, seeming a little bit miffed as though he had never been turned down before in his life. Well, he probably hadn’t.

“It was a pleasure meeting, Adam. I will look out for your work.” He held out his hand to shake and Adam smiled as he took it. The grip was firm but gentle, and Adam wasn’t sure whether to be surprised or not when a thumb stroked softly over the back of his hand.

He *was* surprised when he felt a sharp tug and was pulled forward, Le Chiffre’s other hand snaking smoothly up to his face and around his neck as he pulled Adam into a slow and teasing kiss. Adam opened his mouth to the man instantly, enjoying the possessive push of Le Chiffre’s tongue into his mouth - so much so that he couldn’t hold back the little moan that escaped.

Le Chiffre chuckled into his mouth before pulling back. He released Adam’s hand, pulling the other back from his neck slowly, stroking down and straightening Adam’s collar.

“I hope to see you in the future Adam.”

He loved the way Le Chiffre rumbled his name and was so tempted to change his mind about staying. But instead he just watched the man’s back receding as he walked back towards the bar without a backward look.

Adam took a breath and let it out with a shudder.

His thoughts were interrupted by the doorman with - “Sir, your taxi.”

He nodded and grabbed his bag. He didn’t really get over the shock of the kiss until he was in the back of the cab. And not only that - the banter and flirting, Le Chiffre’s words about his type. *A little out of place. Just something not quite right. And of course, incredibly beautiful.*

He grabbed his phone and started searching the internet for the next competition at which he might find Le Chiffre and drafting an email to his boss making a case for why he should

cover it.

Epilogue - Five Years Later

Adam pulled out his phone and read the text - Jean. A smile spread across his face.

~I am back in London, meet you at your apartment in three hours.

Adam checked the time and then hesitated before replying. He was at his desk in the magazine office, writing up his current investigative piece, but he had plans later. His evening was already given over to following up a lead on the story he was writing about Tramell, and her… misadventures.

He had another interview regarding the story set up for that evening. But… maybe he could change his plans for Le Chiffre. The story wasn't going anywhere.

He got to the apartment to find Le Chiffre had already let himself in. His small case was inside the doorway and he knew the man himself was likely in the shower… or the bedroom.

Adam pulled off his soft green scarf and hung it up before heading into the apartment, startled when Le Chiffre spoke up from the lounge.

"I want you to stop fucking her."

Adam chuckled. "Oh really?"

Le Chiffre stood, his shirt open at the collar and jacket already off. He moved into Adam's space, his hands reaching for Adam's hips and pulling their bodies tight together. "Yes. I know it has just been for a story but…"

Adam felt something within him ache as the man trailed off. He had been fucking Denise Glass for information about her ex-husband, and in turn the psychiatrist's patients, for quite a while. Le Chiffre had never had a problem with it before, or at least never voiced it. In fact Adam was pretty sure Le Chiffre quite enjoyed the lengths Adam would go to and how passionate he was about his job. And Adam enjoyed the support, even if…

"I stopped fucking her months ago." Adam breathed the words between them before snaking a hand to the back of Jean's neck and pulling his mouth to his own. It was Le Chiffre who broke the rough kiss a few moments later - looking at him curiously.

"Is that so?"

"Yes." Adam chuckled. "I stopped fucking her," he started to unbutton Le Chiffre's shirt, "when I could no longer bare the thought of fucking anyone but you - no matter what I could get out of it."

Le Chiffre's mouth was on him again, hungry and demanding. They pulled at each other's clothes until he beat Le Chiffre to the offing and managed to get his hand down the man's pants, squeezing his rock hard cock. He smiled against Jean's mouth as the man groaned. Le Chiffre pulled back, panting. "I know you love what you do, I'd never ask you to give it

up. But I can't bare the thought of you fucking anyone else either. Will you promise not to? This is mine alone." Le Chiffre growled the words as his own hand went into Adam's loosened trousers.

Adam nodded, biting his lower lip and moaning as he enjoyed the feel of Le Chiffre gripping him just the way he liked.

Adam actually wondered if he might give it all up for this, for Le Chiffre. Certainly he'd had other offers, other magazines wanted him and his reputation. Including some in the US, notably nearer to Le Chiffre's base in Atlantic City. And that was getting ever more tempting with each visit from his… what? Lover? Boyfriend? The man who had followed his career with interest because they had been fucking almost since they first met?

Who was Le Chiffre to him?

He was pretty sure he knew, but had never put it into words before.

Adam pressed against the man, enjoying every hard line of his body as he gave a small shove and set them walking slowly in tandem towards the bedroom.

It was as he rode Le Chiffre's cock to their mutual completion in the middle of a bed that felt ever more lonely between the man's visits, that Adam gave into it.

"I love you." He breathed against Le Chiffre's ear as they came down from their shared climax. "This is only for you from now on."

Le Chiffre groaned, kissing Adam's neck before biting at his earlobe and replying "Unë të dua."

Adam chuckled, his passing Albanian now enough to understand the sentiment.

After they had showered and returned to each other's arms late into the night, Adam started to mentally plan his next career move. Listening to the steady breathing of the man he loved, he made an absolute decision in his mind. Now was a good time for a change, he could bump up his career at the same time as allowing more time in his life for Le Chiffre. Perhaps it was finally time to indulge more of the man's intrigue in him.

Adam slipped into a restful sleep with a smile on his lips.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!